

BEING BUSINESSLIKE

When the delivery man had poked at his bulging book and gone pounding on his way, the eldest daughter of the house shrugged her pretty shoulders and returned to her guest in the parlor.

"Business is a great fraud," she declared.

"I've always said so," responded her friend with some emphasis.

"I've just signed an expressman's book to show that I've received something," the daughter of the house explained. "Now, why sign? I don't know what's in that box. It's large and heavy, but it may be empty. And yet a delivery man would drop dead if you stopped to look inside before you signed. No one ever does."

"Certainly not," said her friend, warmly. "That would be quite unprofessional. What that box contains in a small matter, after all. The point is, did it come? When you are as old as I am, my dear, you will begin to understand how many yards of red tape men need to be truly businesslike. They put up an appearance of great caution."

"And do the saddest things ever heard of?"

"Exactly. Leases that everybody breaks."

"Checks that any one can cash—"

"Contracts that no one pays any attention to—"

"Deposit slips that you always lose—"

"Passes for the bearer only—but any one may be the bearer—and cards not transferable—"

"Adele, I'm so glad to hear you speak so," cried the hostess. "I've always believed that business was so much pretense."

"A most cursory knowledge of business methods—improperly so called—shows how shallow they are."

"I'm so glad you feel as I do, Adele. It's such a comfort to hear you express those convictions. Father has always scolded us girls for not being businesslike, and I've always tried to conceal my ignorance more or less. It seemed such a matter for scorn."

"Scorn? My dear," said her friend in a tone of finality, "business is incompatible with high thinking."

"Adele," said the girl suddenly, "how do you send money?"

"Send it up," snapped her friend. "How else?"

"You darling! Of course how else! But as long as I can remember, whenever we needed money in an envelope and father found it out he would throw up his hands and implore the fates to help us. Then he has gone about for days after, uttering instructions about 'money orders' and registered letters! But neither Ethel nor I had ever paid any attention to him until last summer when I went to the country. It was very funny."

"I had been away only a short time when Ethel wrote in a rather superior tone that she had sent me a registered letter for \$10. Just as if she had been in the habit of doing those things every day of her life! The money didn't surprise me, you know, because she owed it to me. But 'registered letter' sounded entirely too ambitious for our little Ethel."

"Well, I went down to the postoffice every day for a week, insisting that there was a registered letter for me. The postoffice there was a poor excuse of a place, and it had a lot of suspicious-looking clerks. So when my letter was overdue I just drew myself up and insisted that the letter was there, and so was the money. But they did not seem greatly excited."

"The people of the town began to interest themselves in my financial condition. It was rumored that I was expecting a lot of money that hadn't come, so I had to spend money lavishly to show that I didn't really need it. Then I wrote Ethel that something was wrong. And I didn't hint that it served her right."

"Her next letter was suitably humble. She couldn't understand what was the matter, but she inclosed a little paper, which, she said, the man at the postoffice had given her as a receipt for her money. She said she had given my name and address quite plainly and she suggested that if I showed the receipt they might be able to trace the letter. So down I went to the postoffice with the little paper."

"Here's the receipt," I said. Then, Adele, you never heard such a noise as those crazy men made. You'd have thought they had been saving up that guffaw for the best part of their lives."

"As soon as they could frame words they asked me in a sort of chorus what I wanted. Naturally, I told them, when my sister had given my address and paid her money she expected that it would be sent to me. I can't tell you all they said. They showed me all the reading matter on that paper, which was enough to drive any one insane."

"But it seems, Adele, that after giving your money to the clerk at the postoffice you have to send on the little receipts yourself and put the person that gets it to the trouble of having it made back into money again. Could anything be more roundabout?"

"Then you haven't seen the new forms for money orders?"

"Don't tell me—"

"I won't. Only they've added some other kind of ticket—which makes three."

"Goodness, Adele, what's the point? But tell me—if all that performance is only a money order, what in the world is a registered letter?"

An Unexpected Event

Dick Huntington was seated at his desk, looking over the mail.

Dick was president of one of the largest clothing stores in Chicago. He had begun as errand boy and had been gradually promoted until, at the last meeting of the board of directors, he was elected president. Shortly after taking the office of president, he shifted Robert Patterson, one of the floor walkers, to the position of assistant manager and purchasing agent.

Bob was now in Europe, having gone there a month before to secure for the firm the latest styles in clothing. He was expected back within a short time, and, as Dick was anxious to set the men to working on the new styles, he awaited Bob's arrival with no small interest. Being at the head of the firm, his greatest desire was to make this year the greatest in the history of the clothing business.

He was busily engaged looking over his mail that morning and had nearly finished, when he heard a rap on his door. At his request, the door was opened, admitting a messenger boy. He handed Dick a telegram and left the office.

Dick glanced at the telegram and found it to be from Bob. He hastily tore open the envelope and read the following message addressed to him personally:

"Will be back Thursday. Married. Everything O. K. Bob."

Dick, after reading the message, sat back in his chair and had a hearty laugh over the news. He rang the bell for the stenographer.

Dorothy Wilcox entered the private office. She was a pretty girl about 25 years of age and she came from a highly respected family.

"Miss Wilcox, I have just received a telegram. It contains the best piece of news I have heard for a long time. Bob Patterson is coming back next Thursday. He will be accompanied by his wife."

To Dick's surprise Dorothy let the shorthand book fall from her hand. Her face grew almost as white as her shirtwaist.

The news had almost stunned her, for she and Bob had secretly become engaged and were to have been married in August. She loved him and had always believed that he loved her, but now, while he was in Europe, he had met another girl and married her. Could she bear the shock?

It was hard for her, but she was determined not to break down over it. She took the shorthand book which Dick had picked up and, taking a seat at the desk, made ready for dictation. The next few days passed quickly and before Dick knew it it was Thursday. The train upon which Bob was to arrive was an hour late and did not pull in until 1:30 in the afternoon. Dick had requested all the employees to be at the station at the arrival of the bride and groom and give them a warm reception.

He had appointed Miss Wilcox, not knowing of her relations to Robert, to act as head of the reception committee at the gate. She did not wish to do this, but Dick was one of those men who is always kind to his employees, but when he said a thing he wanted it done. Therefore, dreading it even as she did, Dorothy decided to obey her employer and do his bidding.

About 1 o'clock the employees of the firm began to assemble at the station. They kept on coming until, at 1:30, they were all there. The carriage arrived, decorated for the occasion. A large sign was fastened on the back, reading, "Just married," and several strings of shoes were dragging after it.

The employees formed in two lines from the gate to the carriage. One of the lines was headed by Miss Wilcox and the other by the floor walker. Thus arranged, they awaited the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Patterson.

They did not have to wait long. The train soon pulled in. Now was Dorothy's test. Would she break down? She felt as if she could not stand a moment longer. Her heart was nearly broken; it beat wildly within her. But—she would at least hold out until Bob was driven away in the carriage. With this decision, she waited silently.

Presently, Bob was seen approaching the gate. He was alone. Where was his wife? Everyone was puzzled. When he came to the gate, he was surprised at seeing everyone waiting for him. What did it mean? Why this celebration? He was quickly asked where his wife was and he was taken unawares. His wife? Where had the news originated? He asked for an explanation and was told of the telegram which Dick had received. He soon solved the problem. A friend in Europe, wishing to play a joke on him, had sent that telegram. He was not married. It was all a joke.

"Dick," he said, "there is no Mrs. Patterson—at present—but there soon will be one," and to the surprise of all, he walked over to Dorothy and, taking her by the arm, led her through the two lines of employees and into the carriage. He directed the driver to the parson's home, and, inside of an hour, Dorothy, who, a short time before had believed her heart to be broken, was being held tightly in her husband's arms, the happiest woman in the world.

A Difference.

He—My political reputation is snow white.

Lawyer—Before or after falling?

Current Comment.

The Council met last night in regular session.

The Cairo Bulletin is appearing with only two pages, due to a strike of its printers.

After one of the most closely contested elections on record in Baltimore, James H. Preston, Democrat, was chosen mayor for the next four years over former Mayor E. Clay Timanus, Republican, by only 500 votes.

Shot From Ambush.

Paducah, Ky., May 4.—Nolan Wilkins was shot from ambush and killed in Graves county.

Thompson Out of Jail.

Tom Thompson, the Webster county boy accused of killing his father, has been admitted to \$10,000 bail.

Harry Says Nay.

Harry A. Sommers, of Elizabeth town, has declined to make the race for the Democratic nomination for Lieutenant Governor.

Catarh Cannot be Cured

With Local Applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarh is a blood constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarh Cure is not a quick medicine; it was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarh.

Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Meeting of D. A. R. Monday

Col. John R. Green Chapter D. A. R. will meet with Mrs. J. J. Henry next Monday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.

Coming Home.

Gov. Thatcher, of the Panama Canal Zone, Mrs. Thatcher and a party of friends arrived at Miami, Fla., en route from Panama to Washington.

Girl Won.

Miss Lucy Ellen Dowden, of Sabree, was awarded first honors and James Payne, of Providence, second in an oratorical contest between the High Schools of Webster county. Miss Dowden's subject was 'woman.'

Keller's Good Roads Plan.

Editor Green R. Keller, of the Carlisle Mercury, is running for the legislature in the Nicholas-Robertson district. Somebody said he was in favor of taxing the Bluegrass to pay to build roads in the mountains. So Mr. Keller explains what he wants the state to do toward building roads. As his suggestions, outlined in his platform, are good, we quote him.

"We are in favor of better roads, and we know that we cannot have better roads without spending money, and the people have a right to know how we expect to get the money."

"To this end we are in favor of a State Road Commissioner, a County Road Board, and a system of road making and improvements that provides that when the county agrees to spend so much money in building or repairing roads the state shall supplement that amount out of the state treasury, at least until the people can amend the Constitution authorizing the changing of our tax system so as to authorize the counties and the state to get its revenue from tax on Corporate property, franchises, whisky in bonds, license and the various resources known to tax gatherers."

"We honestly believe that with the millions of dollars being added to the tax lists Kentucky ought to have an overflowing treasury in a few years, and with a little economy in appropriations this will be the case."

"It does look to us that the colleges, normal schools, state capitol, penitentiaries, houses of reform, and asylums as well, would get enough money after awhile, and the people who are struggling through the mud should have an inning."

"We beg pardon for being so lengthy in this statement, but as we are making the race upon clearly defined ideas of what we think will be best for the people we feel that they should have some knowledge of what we think about these matters."

The Moguls left Thursday on a barnstorming tour of four days Thursday they played Morganfield and won in a close game. Hopkinsville 2 runs, 7 hits; Morganfield 0 runs, 2 hits. Batteries, Binkley and Huhn, Hancock and Waller. Another game was played with the same team yesterday and to day and to-morrow there will be games at Henderson.

The Clarksville Postal Savings Bank opened Wednesday with a rush of depositors, and in a few hours a total of over \$500 was deposited.

Some people would like to live in clover—but not the hay fever victim.

MY DAUGHTER WAS CURED

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Baltimore, Md.—"I send you here with the picture of my fifteen year old daughter Alice, who was restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. She was pale, with dark circles under her eyes, weak and irritable. Two different doctors treated her and called it Green Sickness, but she grew worse all the time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended, and after taking three bottles she has regained her health, thanks to your medicine. I can recommend it for all female troubles."—Mrs. L. A. CONKLIN, 1103 Rutland Street, Baltimore, Md.



Hundreds of such letters from mothers expressing their gratitude for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has accomplished for them have been received by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Mass.

Young Girls, Heed This Advice.

Girls who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, headache, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion, should take immediate action and be restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Thousands have been restored to health by its use.

Write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice, free.

Some people will take any old thing—except a hint.

The Young Man

Wants clothes that are different---



not too "loud," but clothes full of life and go. There are many new things to see here at this writing and our time is always at the disposal of the young man who is casting about for just the right Suit. We have an endless variety of patterns to show you in **HIRSH WICKWIRE** fine clothing and the **CLOTHCRAFT** guarantee clothing.

PRICES TO SUIT EVERYBODY.

Wall & McGowan.